1st

A PROLOGUE by Mr. *Settle* to his New Play, called *The Emperor of* Morocco, with the Life of *Gayland*. Acted at the *Theatre Royal*, the 11th. of *March*, 1682.

16. March. 168½.

HOw finely would the Sparks *be catch'd to Day,*
Should a Whig-*Poet Write a* Tory-*Play?*
And you, poſſeſs'd with Rage before, ſhould ſend
Your random Shot abroad, and maul a Friend:
For you, we find, too often, biſs or clap
Juſt as you live, ſpeak, think, and fight, by hap.
And Poets, *we all know, can Change, like you,*
And are alone to their own Intreſt true:
Can Write againſt all ſenſe, nay even their own;
The Vehicle, call'd Penſion, *makes it down.*
No fear of Cudgels, where there's hope of Bread:
A well-fill'd Paunch forgets a broken Head.
But our dull Fop *on every ſide is damn'd:*
He has his Play with Love and Honour cram'd.
Rot your Old-faſhion'd Hew in Romance,
Who in a Lady's Quarrel breaks a Launce.
Give us the Modiſh Feat of Honour done,
With Eighteen well-chew'd Bullets in one Gun.
Charg'd but with Eighteen Bullets, did I ſay,
Damn it, if that won't do, we'll bring one day,
Queen Beſſes *Pocket Piſtol into play.*
Give us Heroick Worthies of Renown,
With a revenging Rival's Mortal Frown,
Not by dividing Oceans kept aſunder,
Whilſt angry Spark comes on, like Jove, *with Thunder,*
Gives out in Harlem Gazet, *Blood and Wounds*
In Foreign Fray, to ſculk on Engliſh *Ground,*
And ſcorning Duels, a poor Prize at L'Sharps
He only fights for Fame in Counterſcarps.
Do not you follow his Revenge and Fury,
Be you thoſe tender hearted Things, his Jury.
Give us Old-Baily *Mercy for our Play:*
Ah no! no Pray'rs nor Bribes your Hearts can ſway,
Your cruel Talents lye the other way.
Criticks
Are Poliſh *Bullies, fire and lightning all,*
The Blunderbuſs goes off, and where you hit you maul.

A Touch on Mr Dryden in writing Absalom & Achitophel.

ye manner of killing Mr Shirley.

he y' shot Mr Shirley was a Polander.

The EPILOGUE, Spoken by Mrs. *Coyſh*'s Girl, as CUPID.

LAdies, the Poet knew no better way,
Than to ſend me to Prattle for his Play;
I am your Cupid, *and you cannot ſure*
Drive ſuch a ſmall, young Begger from your dore:
Do you be but as kind, as you are fair,
And by my Quiver, Bow and Darts, I ſwear,
The little Tiny God, whoſe help you want,
Shall hear your Pray'rs, and all your Wiſhes grant;
The Country Lady ſhall come up to Town,
And ſhine, in her old Coach, and her new Gown;
The City Wife ſhall leave her poor Tom Farthing,
And take a harmleſs Walk to Covent Garden;
Thoſe very Eyes ſhall ſtill look young and gay,
That Conquer'd on the Coronation-day;
And you, the brighter Beauties of the Court,
You who the World undo, but Stage ſupport,
You ſhall ſubdue all hearts, while I ſit ſtill;
I'll break my Bow, and leave your Eyes to kill;
Nay the Court-Star, your Beauties to advance, *ye Dutcheſſe of Portſmouth.*
Has left her Darling Sphear, to ſet in France.

FINIS.

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